



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

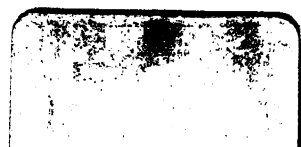
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

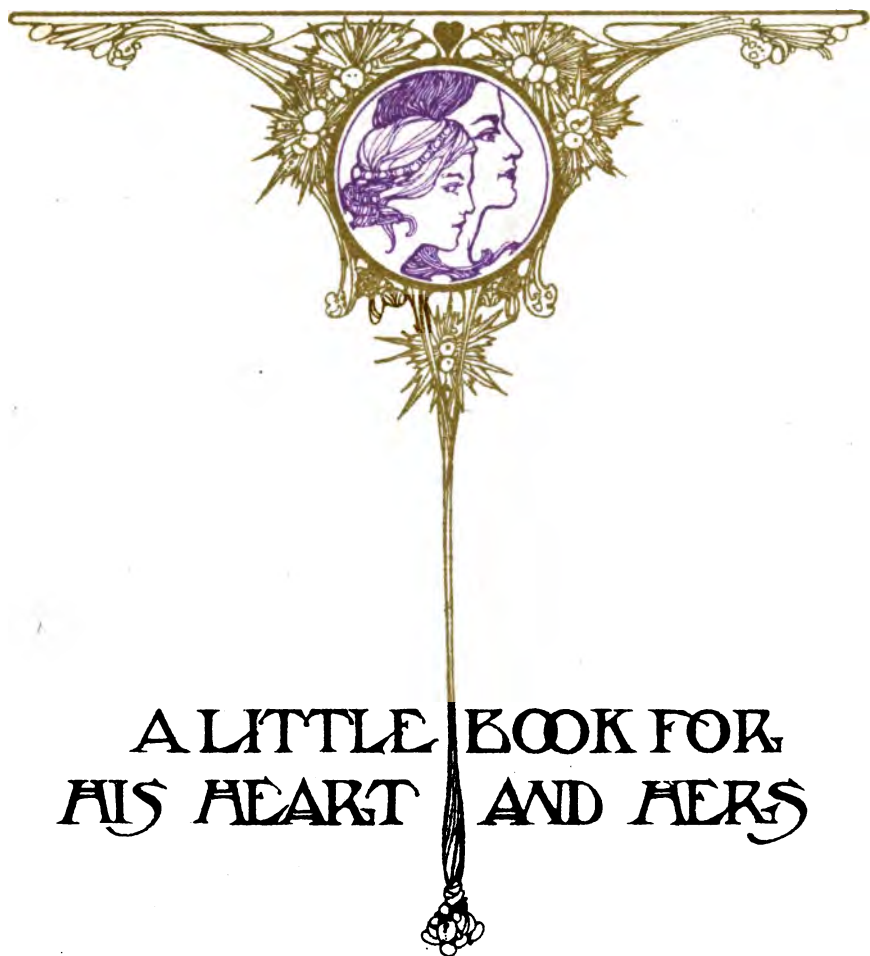
1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900



NAEM
Jennings

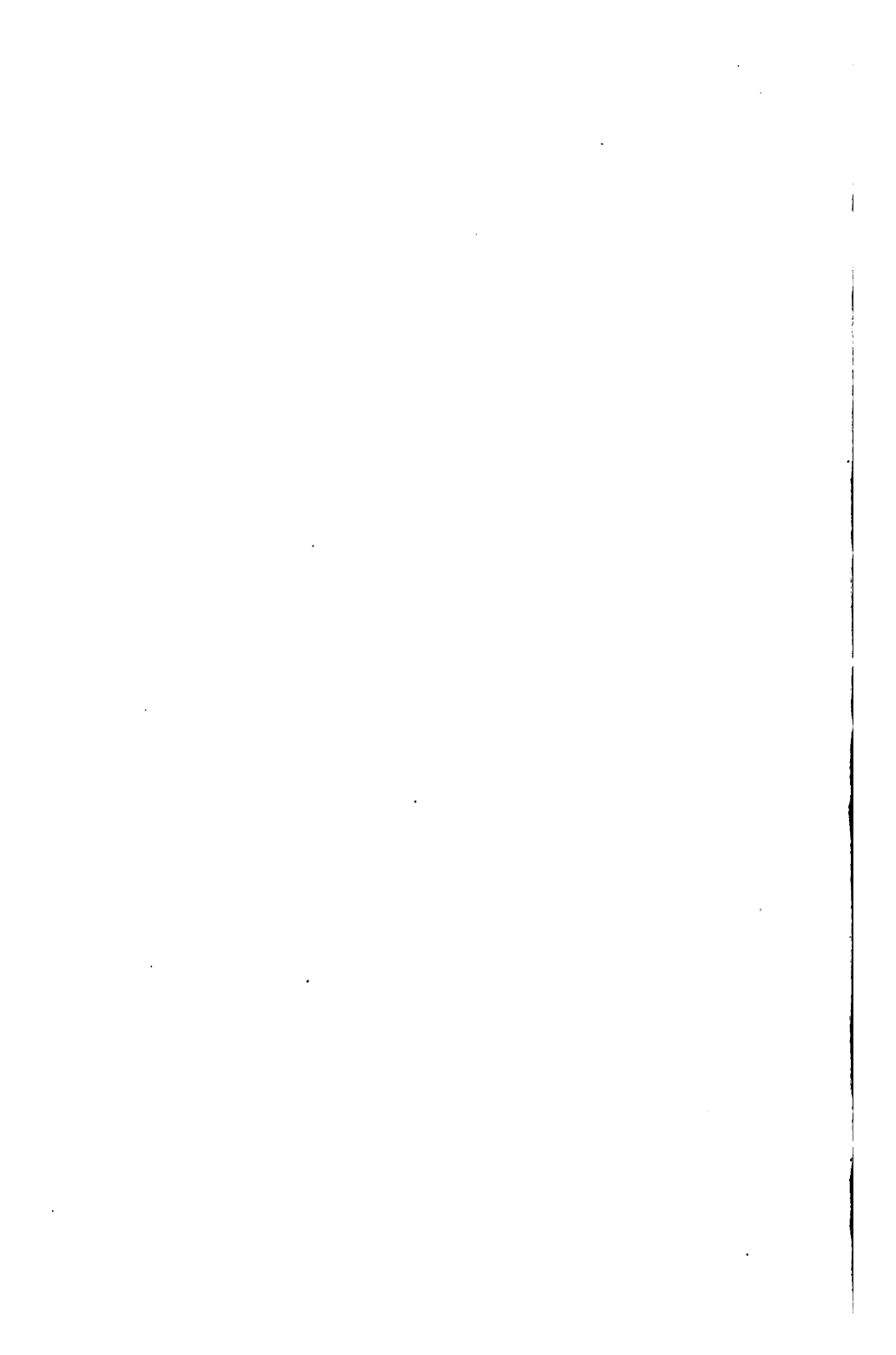


MAN AND HIS MATE



A LITTLE BOOK FOR
HIS HEART AND HERS

NINA ISABEL JENNINGS



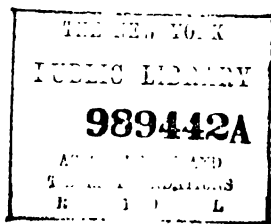
MAN AND HIS MATE

**A LITTLE BOOK FOR
HIS HEART AND HERS**

**COMPILED AND
ARRANGED BY
NINA ISABEL JENNINGS**

**THE LONE STAR PUBLISHERS
PARIS, TEXAS**

**COPYRIGHT, JULY, 1908, BY
NINA ISABEL JENNINGS**



NINTH EDITION

**THE BENNETT PRESS
PARIS, TEXAS**

HEART SERIES

MAN AND HIS MATE

A LITTLE BOOK FOR
HIS HEART AND HERS

THE LATCH-STRING TO HAPPINESS

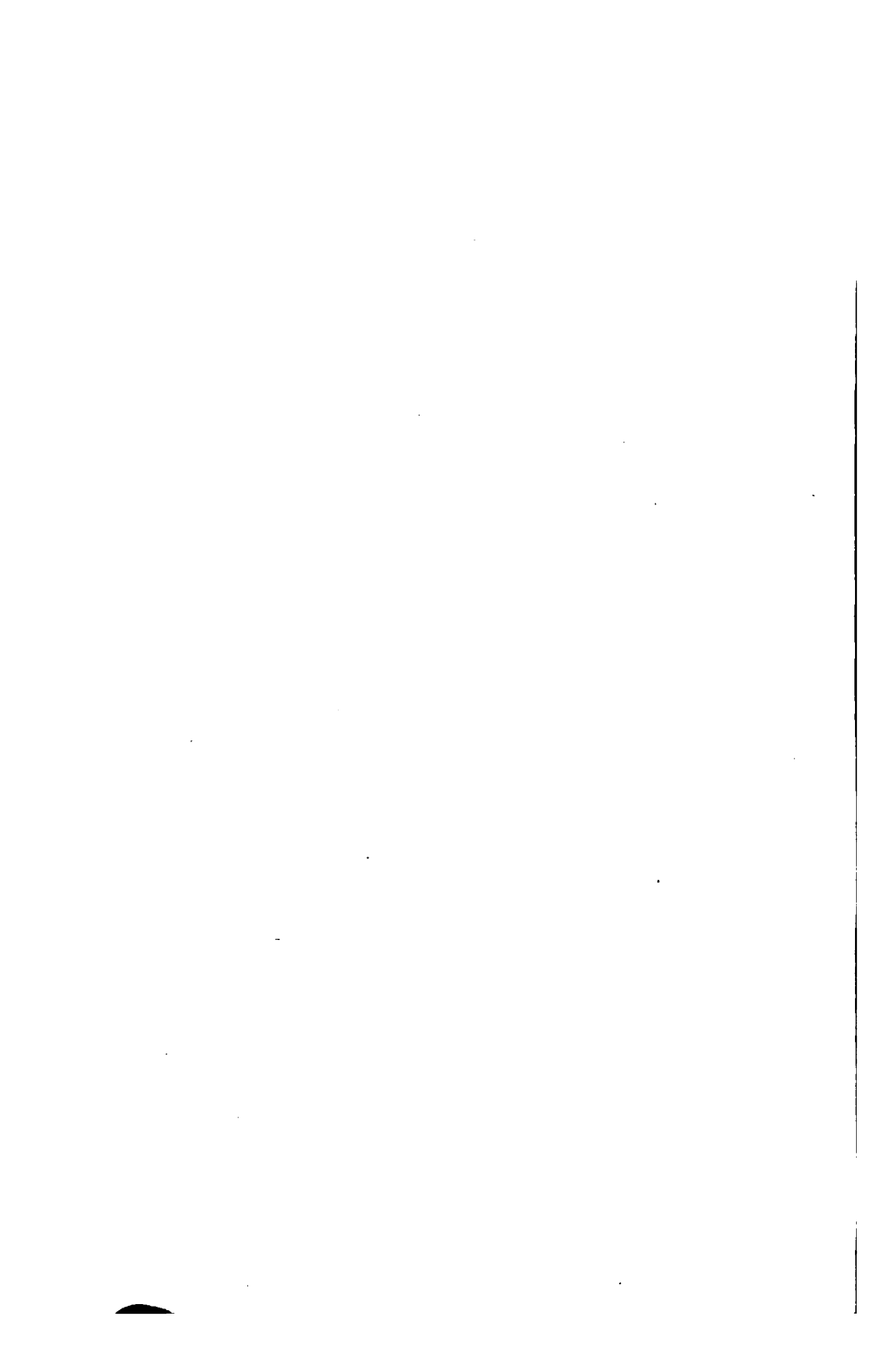
A LITTLE BOOK FOR YOUR HEART
WHEN IT'S HEAVY

WHEN WE'RE IN LOVE

A LITTLE BOOK FOR YOUR HEART
WHEN IT'S FULL

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
NINA ISABEL JENNINGS

2 28 19 FEB '36



FOR YOU

To Mom and Dad -

This little book is
an expression of my love
for you and your love for
each other. In all the
world there is nothing so
wonderful as love. Nothing
so sweet or powerful as
love. If your heart
thinks of love's touch,
herein is a message

for you - if it thrills to
the sad measures of minor
streams, you will find
a responsive chord -
and if perchance the
little Sun-bird is late with
its song, let me whisper
"Heaven is near to the hearts
that wait in faith till
the dream comes true".
Anna Isabel Jennings

A CONFESSION

I have transgressed in that I have used, because they were so beautiful, a few unsigned poems. And may I hope that some one who knows the authors of these stray waifs of song will tell me, that their names may appear in another edition.

I am grateful not only to authors, but also to the publishers who have given to us the selections compiled in this little book. First, for the heart-joy that came to me as I read them myself, and again, for the greater happiness of bundling them with Love, wrapping them with Hope, tying them with Courage, and sending them with Faith out into the world to—

MAN AND HIS MATE.

The Compiler.

SOMEWHERE

Ah somewhere, be sure, there's a pair of eyes blue,
Or maybe they're gray, but they're looking for you,
And somewhere, besides, there's a little house, too,—
A heart and a home both waiting for you.

And sometimes, pray soon, when your dreamings are through,
You'll look for the eyes that are looking for you,
And you'll find them, dear heart, and the little house, too,
And the joy of them both will satisfy you.

Will Livingston Comfort.

A Little Word Of Faith Reprinted By
Permission Of The J. B. Lippincott Co.

MAN AND HIS MATE

"MAN what art thou?

**I am only a lump of clay, but a ROSE
has been placed beside me and I have
caught its fragrance."**

THE FIRST WOMAN

"TWASHTRI, the Vulcan of Hindoo mythology, created the world, but when he wished to create a Woman he found that he had employed all his material in the creation of Man. There did not remain one solid element. Then Twashtri, perplexed, fell into a profound meditation." He aroused himself as follows:—

He took the roundness of the moon;
The hot and quiv'ring air of noon;
The chill of Boreas' icy breath;
Divine devotion unto death;
Inconstancy of wayward wind;
Timidity of gentle hind;
The lion's courage when at bay;
Immortal hope of dawning day;
Forebodings of the dreary night;
The poise of eagle in its flight;
Sweet flavor of the honey bee;
The fury of the surging sea;
The mellow moonbeam's calm repose;
The clinging of the climbing rose;
Relentlessness of open grave;
The gracefulness of curling wave;
The love-light from the eyes of fawn;
The tear drops from the mist of dawn;
The gladsome joy of bright sun ray;
The vanity of peacock gay;
The velvet flush of rose leaf tints;
The modesty the violet hints;
The passion of the tiger's might;
The purity of lily, white;
The chatter of the noisy jay;
The dove's love notes at close of day,
Rich rainbow rays flashed from the rest;
Composite of Creation's best!
He crowned her with a Faith Divine;
Showed her to Man, and said—"She's thine."

Warren E. Comstock.

'TWIXT MATES

HAPPINESS—that word conveys no idea of the joy that
each senses in the presence of the other,
It is more—it is the fulfilment of that which God saw when
He created MAN and WOMAN,
A power that is as strong as the law of gravitation or of
separation.
As resistless as the coming in of the tide,
As necessary as the turning of the earth upon its axis,—
It is the perfection of that harmony in which is enfolded all
the harmonies of the life of the Universe,
That law of love—that is its own explanation, and that
rules all infinity,
Before which every human substitute has no weight or
reality.

Charlotte Eaton.

G. W. Dillingham & Company Are
Publishers Of This Glorious Truth.

"The love of Man for Woman is as sacred a thing as
Christ's love for the Church. Indeed we would know nothing
of love did we not see it manifest in man; and the only
reason we believe in the love of God is because we find love
on earth. The thought of the love of God cannot be grasped
in the slightest degree, even as a working hypothesis, by a
man who does not know human love."

The best of all reasons for a Woman loving a Man is just
because she loves him, without rhyme and without reason,
because Heaven wills it, because earth fulfils it, because his
hand is of the right size to hold her heart in its hollow.

Justin Huntly McCarthy.

OH, SAD ARE THEY

Oh, sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silver coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love,
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, sweet as musk,
s life to those whose lives unite;
They walk in Allah's smile by day
And nestle in his heart by night.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

This Represents The Good Fellow-
Ship Of The Houghton Mifflin
Company For Man And His Mate.

YOU AND I

My hand is lonely for your clasping, dear,
My ear is tired waiting for your call;
I want your strength to help, your laugh to cheer;
Heart, soul and senses need you, one and all.
I droop without your full frank sympathy;
We ought to be together, You and I.

We want each other so, to comprehend
The dream, the hope, things planned, or seen, or wrought,
Companion, comforter, and guide, and friend,
As much as love asks love, does thought ask thought:
Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly,
We ought to be together, You and I.

Henry Alford.

MAN—A HERO

EVEN the worst of men have possibilities. None is wholly bad, though some are better than others. Almost any man can be a hero if the woman who knows and understands can get to him in time. Man is much like a violin. There surely is great difference in the quality of the instrument; but even a Stradivarius would yield discord in the hands of a clown. The right woman can ring harmonies of more or less beauty, from the crudest human instrument. Some women are so unfortunate or so ruthless in their touch that they go through life pulling discords everywhere. It needs the delicate touch, the sympathetic touch, the touch that understands the limitations and appreciates the possibilities of its instrument, to smother the bad and swell the good to not only win the man of one's choice, but to make him a man worth the winning.

Lavinia Hart.

Woman—

The star that guides the wanderer, thou!
The dove of peace and promise to mine ark!

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the cloud away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.

Lord Byron.

The Woman's cause is Man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.

Tennyson.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar, how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says, A word unto the wise.

A peppercorn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner:
Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her,—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in Spring.

Juan Ruiz de Hita

A Little Beauty From The Library Of The World's
Best Literature. J. A. Hill & Company, Publishers.

NEAR every Man is an attractive Woman who may set fire to his feelings. For woman is a match that should strike a light when man approaches. But for this he must keep open heart. Love follows sight, and one should not let too much of the world's beauty pass unused. Many meet the lovely unprepared, and look without seeing. The heart must be in the eyes to catch a fascination, and one should see that his heart is free when it approaches the good.

Austin Bierbower.

THE HOUSE OF MY HEART

I have made empty all my heart for you!
I have shut out all the mad noise of the world,
Closed every window, made the doors fast, too,
And from each chamber to the winds have hurled
Old thoughts, old base desires, old sins, old stains;
Yea, swept my heart as all the earth is swept by April
rains.

Down the long corridors there is no sound!
I wait but for your entrance through the door,
Your footfall in my great vacant ground,
Your voice to sing and sing forever more.
Your voice alone to make the old house thrill
With the vast knowledge that your love wakes all that
was so still.

That shall be gladness when you come to me!
Your thoughts, not mine, shall enter in this place.
Oh Love! behold how white each room shall be,
And you shall make all of your grace!
Come to this quiet house, this heart of mine—
It is no longer part of me, but all is thine, is thine!

Charles Hanson Towne

WHAT must this man be to whom I would render the
keeping of my heart? Some one great of heart
and clean of mind, in whose eyes there should never be
that which makes a woman ashamed. Some one fine
fibred and strong souled, not above tenderness when a
maid is tired. One who should make a shield of his love,
to keep her not only from the great hurts but from the
little ones as well, and yet with whom she might fare
onward, shoulder to shoulder, as God meant mates
should fare.

Myrtle Reed.

An Answer to THE Question In Every Woman's
Heart Given Through G. F. Putnam's Sons.

A LOVE SONG

As drooping fern for dewdrops,
For flowers the bee,
Wave-weary birds for woodlands,
Long I for thee.

As rivers seek the ocean,
Tired things their nest,
As storm-worn ships their haven,
Seek I thy breast.

John Todhunter.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake;
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

Tennyson.

A woman—I can only love,
An angel—I can but adore thee,
Yet trust in me, dear, the powers above
Have made me wholly, solely for thee.

Victor Hugo.

Tell me, Beloved, is this paradise,
Or but Love's bower in some deep sheltered place?

Are we blest spirits of some glad new birth
Floating at last in God's eternity?
Or art thou Love, still but a man on earth,
And I a woman clinging close to thee?

Katrina Trask..

Lines From Katrina Trask's "Sonnets and Lyrics"
Were Donated by Richard G. Badger, Publisher.

MATED

You have always been mine, dear, while waiting
And yearning somehow I knew
That the cry of my heart for the mating,
Would bring me at last to you.

I have watched the clouds in their drifting,—
They always went two by two,
And I've seen how the mountains were lifting
Two summits toward heaven's own blue.

E'en the waves locked crests with each other,
And I knew full well that He
Who had planned for each birdling another,
Had not failed to make *you* for *me*.

Kathrine M. Barton.

MY PARADISE

"I wonder if beyond the mystic blue
In far-off worlds which yet are ours to be
When Life dissolves and sets the spirit free—
I wonder, Love, if what they say is true:
That we shall meet again, and ever through
Unmeasured ages of Eternity,
Each drawn to each by love's affinity
Together be. Sweetheart, if I but knew
You would be mine, I would not ask for more;
No other gift of all that might be given;
No other bliss which, peradventure lies
Within the vague beyond would I implore,
No added joy from the promised heaven—
This boon alone would be My Paradise."

CASTLES IN THE AIR

" Sometimes in dreamy reverie
I float away on memory
And drift far back to isles where we
In happy days, long lost to me,
Built castles in the air.

On isles mid seas of heavenly blue,
Which only hope and fancy knew,
Beyond the reach of human view,
Save yours and mine, I dwelt with you
In castles in the air.

Oh happy clime! So fair and bright!
Where in the purple, golden light,
Through one long day that had no night
We worked and built to wondrous height
Our castles in the air.

Such happy hours they were withal
We never dreamed our castles all
Would sometime into ruins fall
And only memory recall
Those castles in the air.

For still your scornful laugh I hear,
When once I dared express a fear
These castles might not last a year,
You said, 'They'll last forever, dear;
These castles in the air.'

Long since from dreaming we awoke;
Yet from the past I oft invoke
Your fair sweet face as thus you spoke,
Or see it in tobacco smoke,
Mid castles in the air.

Sometimes I dream of you until
I almost think you living still;
Then breaks the spell! With saddest thrill
I realize no more we will
Make castles in the air.

Yet who shall say there may not be
Awaiting in futurity,
Some other clime where we shall see
Restored for all eternity
Lost castles in the air."

HAS SHE FORGOTTEN?

Low, low down in the violets I press
My lips and whisper to her. Does she hear,
And yet hold silence, though I call her dear,
Just as of old, save for the tearfulness
Of the clenched eyes, and the soul's vast distress?
Has she forgotten thus the old caress
That made our breath as quickened atmosphere
That failed nigh unto swooning with the sheer
Delight? Mine arms clutch now this earthen heap
Sodden with tears that flow on ceaselessly
As autumn rains the long, long, long nights weep
In memory of days that used to be,—
Has she forgotten these? And in her sleep,
Has she forgotten me—forgotten me?

James Whitcomb Riley.

Used Through The Courtesy Of Mr. Riley And
His Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

LOVIN' YOU

Jes' to love—that's enough,
Sort o' lazy-like an' dream,
Wonderin' if ways is rough
For you—or if happy seem!
Wishin' I could plant a rose
Bloomin' pretty in your way,
Softenin' the breeze that blows
Where your wanderin' footsteps stray.

Jes' to kneel at night alone
Lookin' up there at the stars,
Like a captive walled in stone
Peekin' through the prison bars—
Do the angels listen now
When you don't know what to say?
And the thought of you—somehow
Blurs up heaven—anyway!

Jes' to hear a little song
Softly hummin' in the air,
Laughin', lovin' all day long,
Music goin' everywhere
Sweet as honey in a hive,
Life is like a dream come true
Good enough to be alive
Livin' in the world with you.

Kate Masterson.

A Love-Dream From "Life."

THE heart needs not for its heaven much
space, nor many stars therein, if only
the star of Love has arisen.

Richter.

We can all do without being loved, but we
cannot do without loving.

Elbert Hubbard.

ONE DAY OF DAYS

One day of days shines clear through memory,—
The day when first, O Love, you came to me!
When face scanned face at last, and meeting eyes
Held one another long, nor knew surprise.
Long had our seeking hearts yearned each for each,
Thy soul had called to mine in spirit speech;
But, ah! that day when seeking hands met, too,
And in warm human fashion I knew *You*.

Kate Whiting Patch.

A Kindness Of Harper & Brothers.

I count my times by times that I meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons
And nights; these my old moons and my new moons.
Slow fly the hours, or fast the hours do flee,
If thou art far from or art near to me:
If thou art far, the birds' tunes are no tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes,—
Darkness is light, and sorrow cannot be.
Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream;
The air I breathe, the world wherein I dwell;
My journey's end thou art, and thou the way;
Thou art what I would be, yet only seem;
Thou art my heaven and thou art my hell;
Thou art my ever-living judgment-day.

Richard Watson Gilder.

Contributed To Man And His
Mate By Houghton-Mifflin Co.

No woman is all sweetness; even the rose has
thorns.

Mme. Recamier.

The art of charming is—To love.

Deguerle.

The brain-women never interest us like heart-
women; white roses please less than red.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

LOVE

Love reaches to the infinite. Today
I love you to the uttermost; you sway
My spirit by your subtle power,—yea
I yield me wholly, love you far above
All that has been. Ah! Dear, that is to-day.
To-morrow, as before, my soul will say,
In very truth, as yet I know not love;
Only the love of loving, and the larger thirst
For infinite revealing, eager as at first.

Katrina Trask.

What is love but a bird that would touch the blue sky?
What is love but a viol-string pitched far too high?
What is love but the heart's unappeasable cry?

Blanche Lindsay.

LOVE?

"Some one to love and be kind to,
Some one whose faults you'd be blind to,
Some one in trouble to fly to,
Some one you'd love and not try to,
Some one to struggle and strive for,
Some one you're glad you're alive for,
Some one you'd do any task for,
Some one you'd give and not ask for,
Some one to climb earth's heights with,
Some one you never would part with,
But would dwell in the land of the heart with—
That's Love."

"Life without love is like spring without flowers,
Brook-streams that move not, or star-bereft sky;—
Love, to the heart, is like dew drops to violets,
Left on the dust-ridden roadside to die."

Arthur G. Lewis.

LOVE

Love has come! Love, to my soul!
And lent an immortal light!
Love, oh love, like a laughing of stars,
Like the singing of Winds at the dawn's red bars!
Love has come!

Cale Young Rice.

There is not a Man in the world but something improves in his soul from the moment he loves.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

What is it that love does to a Woman? Without it she only sleeps; with it, alone, she lives.

Ouida.

Love is Life. The unloving merely breathe.

Christopher North.

Is not perfect love perfect happiness?

William Ellery Channing.

HAPPINESS

Something to do
Someone to love
Something to hope for.

Kant.

There is no good of life but love—but love!
What else looks good, is some shade flung from love;
Love gilds it, gives it worth. Be warned by me,
Never you cheat yourself one instant! Love,
Give love, ask only love, and leave the rest!

Robert Browning.

LOVE'S VAGRANT

North and south and east and west
I have roamed a weary while,
But have found no restful bourne
Like the garden of thy smile.

North and south and east and west
I have strayed in errant wise,
But have seen no guiding star
Like the love-light of thine eyes.

North and south and east and west
I have watched the day's eclipse,
But have won no precious meed
Like the guerdon of thy lips.

North and south and east and west
Vagrant still I roam and roam,
Harkening through the lonely night
For thy voice to call me home.

Clinton Scollard.

A Lonesome Little Song
From "Munsey's."

A KISS

When lips touch lips in love, it seems
The spirit of a spirit's dreams
Moves in its sleep and wakes to be
A messenger of ecstasy
Which comes to tell us, not in words,
Nor music, nor the songs of birds,
But closer, sweeter far than these
Expressions of mortalities,
The secret of the flesh—the bliss
Of earthly rapture in a kiss.

William J. Lampton.

Lips are so like flowers
.
.
.
.
.
Redder than the rose leaves,
Sweeter than the rose.

William Sawyer.

TO-MORROW

O FAIR To-morrow, what our souls have missed
Art thou not keeping for us, somewhere still?
The buds of promise that have never blown—
The tender lips that we have never kissed—
The song whose high sweet strain eludes our skill,
The one pearl that life hath never known.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

WE COME UNTO OUR OWN

We come unto our own
By subtle ways and still,
And joy to us is blown
By some mysterious will.

When striving all is o'er,
When even hope is gone—
We sudden reach the shore,
We see the victory won.

We find our own at last
So sweet, familiar, dear,
That we forget the past
With all its doubt and fear.

When waiting's perfect grace
Within us has been wrought,
We see the radiant face
For which we vainly sought.

Elizabeth French.

Keep thy heart sweet!
Love comes with happy feet
To where love lives,—

It is a simple creed
And leaves no unfilled need.

Mildred I. McNeil Sweeney.

TO ONE DEPARTED

Sitting, apart in the cafe', under a glare of light,
Surrounded by wealth and beauty, I ponder here tonight.
'Tis down in old New Orleans and the Carnival is in sway,
There are music, jest and laughter—the revelry of the gay.

While sitting here alone, dear, midst all this merry throng,
The band begins to play, dear, our old, best loved song.
They call it, dear, "Love's Old Sweet Song," and oh, it brings
to me

A longing deep to lay me down and rest, sweetheart, by thee.

I listen to the music and hear the chattering throng,
There steals o'er me a wondrous spell, again I hear the song
As sung by you, in the long ago, whose sweetness was so brief,
And now, alone, I sit here with your memory and my grief.

I have wandered over many lands in search of something true,
And now I know, my darling, I found it but in you.
I've searched afar for sweet content, and sought in vain for
rest,

I know I ne'er could find it, dear, save on thy faithful breast.

Amidst this scene of life and mirth it is for you I crave,
I seem to stand a thousand miles away, beside your grave,
And see the stars that o'er it, there, a gentle vigil keep,
And kiss the flowers that wave o'er you, my sweetheart, in
your sleep.

So, sitting here, surrounded thus by joy and beauty rare,
With much to bring me happiness, and much to banish care,
I know that now and evermore, I'll always love you best,
And yearn to lie beside you, dear, to sleep—to sleep and rest.

My eyes grow dim with longing; my heart grows numb with
pain;

I feel that you are waiting, dear, to clasp me once again.

My soul pines for the journey's end, when I, too, shall be free,
And I'll lie down to sleep, love, in the last long sleep, near
thee.

Bernard P.ogy.

'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER

'Tis but a little faded flower,
But oh, how fondly dear;
'Twill bring me back one golden hour,
Through many a weary year.
I may not to the world impart
The secret of its power,
But treasured in my inmost heart,
I keep my faded flower.

Where is the heart that does not keep,
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep
Of days that are no more?
Who has not saved some trifling thing
More prized than jewels rare—
A faded flower, a broken ring,
A tress of golden hair.

Ellen Clementine Howarth.

WHAT'S LIFE

What's life, what's life, little heart? A
dream when the nights are long.
Toll in the waking days, tears and a kiss,
a song.

M. A. DeVere

NOT ONE

"There's never a heath however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.
There's never a heart howe'er downcast,
However drear and lone,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own."

MY SWEETHEART'S FACE

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face,
And these the boundaries I trace:
Northward her forehead fair:
Beyond, a wilderness of auburn hair;
 A rosy cheek to east and west;
 Her little mouth
 The sunny south.
It is the south that I love best.

Her eyes, two crystal lakes,
Rippling with light,
Caught from the sun by day,
The stars by night.
 The dimples in
 Her cheeks and chin
Are snares which Love hath set,
And I have fallen in.

John Allan Wyeth.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,

E. C. Pinkney.

More, dear love, to me
Are thy pure eyes than all the stars of night
That shine in heaven everlastingly!
Night still is night, with every star aglow,
But light were night, didst thou not love me so.

J. W. Chadwick.

World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out:
That was thy face.

Robert Browning.

MY SOUL AND YOURS

My soul is a cloud that drifts afar
Wind-blown o'er heaven's blue,
My soul is a cloud and yours a star—
Shine bright, my star, shine through.

My soul is a flower that blooms for you
Athirst on mountain steep,
My soul is a flower and yours the dew—
Sink down, sweet dew, sink deep.

Mary F. Canfield.

WHEN YOU COME HOME

What golden suns will gild the happy skies,
What incense from the meadow altars rise,
What hymns fill all the groves with glad surprise—
When you come home!

What memory-bells will softly ring and rhyme
Amid the dear old ivied towers of time,
As arm in arm we listen to their chime—
When you come home!

At joy's bright festal board shall we sit down,
And Mirth and Music, each with myrtle crown.
Will drive away the tear, the sigh, the frown—
When you come home!

Suspense will quickly change to calm content,
Desire with rare fulfilment will be blent,
And meeting be one long, sweet sacrament—
When you come home!

Clarence Urmy.

This Little Dream Of Expectation Was
Published By Harper And Brothers.

A LOVER'S LETTER TO HIS MATE

I DO trust, my dearest, that you have been employing this bright day for both of us; for I have spent it in my dungeon, and the only light that broke upon me was when I opened your letter. I am sometimes driven to wish that you and I could mount upon a cloud (as we used to fancy in those heavenly walks of ours), and be borne quite out of sight and hearing of all the world; for now all the people in the world seem to come between us. How happy were Adam and Eve! There was no third person to come between, and all the infinity around them only served to press their hearts closer together. We love one another as well as they; but there is no silent and lovely garden of Eden for us. Will you sail away with me to discover some summer island? Do you not think God has reserved one for us, ever since the beginning of the world? Foolish that I am to raise a question of it, since we have found such an Eden—such an island sacred to us two—whenever we have been together. Then we are the Adam and Eve of a virgin earth. Now, good-by; for voices are babbling around me, and I should not wonder if you were to hear the echo of them while you read this letter.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

My Dearest,—

And so you have been ill, and I cannot take care of you. Oh my dearest, do let our love be powerful enough to make you well. I will have faith in its efficacy,—not that it will work an immediate miracle, but it shall make you so well at heart that you cannot possibly be ill in the body. Par-take of my health and strength, my beloved. Are they not your own, as well as mine? Yes,—and your illness is mine as well as yours; and, with all the pain it gives me, the whole world should not buy my right to share in it.

My dearest, I will not be much troubled, since you tell me (and your word is always truth) that there is no need. But, oh, be careful of yourself, remembering how much earthly happiness depends on your health. Be tranquil,—let me be your Peace as you are mine. Do not write to me unless your heart be unquiet, and you think that you can quiet it by writing. May God bless you.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

My dear Miss Jennings:—

The letter about the illness of Miss Peabody was written July 15th, 1839, and the other on April 21st, 1840. Both were dated from the Custom-House in Boston, that being the "dungeon" mentioned.

Sincerely yours,

Julian Hawthorne.

New York, May 18, 1908.

LOVE LETTERS

Who keeps not somewhere safely stored away,
Like jewels in a casket quaint, from view,
A bundle of love-letters, old or new,
Yellow with age, or fresh as buds of May?

Who sometimes, in the silence of the night,
With stealthy fingers does not draw them forth,—
Dear, tender treasures, not of common worth,
And live the old love o'er that suffered blight?

Yes, here are mine, not faded yet with years,
Sometimes I laugh at the old tender flame
That kindled them; but is it any shame
To whisper they are wet tonight with tears?

What strange, persistent power Love has to hold
Its life, though all its ashes have grown cold!

Arthur W. H. Eaton.

Kind messages that pass from land to land;
Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history—
In which we feel the pressure of a hand—
One touch of fire—and all the rest is mystery!

Henry W. Longfellow.

Old letters, stained
Once kissed, perhaps, or tear-wet—who
may know?

I turn a page like one who plans a crime,
And lo! love's prophecies and sweet regrets.

E. A. Allen.

Sweet names, the rosary of my evening prayer,
Told on my lips like kisses of good-night.

G. E. Woodberry.

LOVE—SOMETHING NATURAL, BUT VERY CHILDISH

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear,
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep.
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids
And still dreams on.

Thomas Coleridge.

IF I loved a man I should love him so completely that I should never think of anything in which he had not the first and greatest share. I should see his kind looks in every ray of sunshine—I should hear his loving voice in every note of music,—if I were to read a book alone, I should wonder which sentence in it would please him most—if I plucked a flower, I should ask myself if he would like me to wear it,—I should live through him and for him—he would be my very eyes and heart and soul!

Marie Corelli.

"I love you, dear.
No night so dark, no day so long
But hope brings comfort to the heart,
If only 'someone' standeth near
To murmur low, 'I love you, dear.'"

THE MYSTERIOUS MATE

O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

Christopher Marlowe.

YOU wish to know women. There is only one woman. Your enigma has no existence in fact, and the being whom you regard as mysterious is not more difficult to comprehend than the turtle doves in the trees or the deer in the forest. There is only one woman, and whether she be a queen on an ivory throne or a fisherwoman whose robust arms the sea air darkens, she wants the same thing, that is every thing. She wants to be loved effectively.

Henri Pene Du Bois.

VIVE LE ROI

"I've chosen you of all mankind
To be my king!
My hands have made your crown,
Have folded you around
With royal robes, and in your hand
A scepter of pure gold I've placed—
Ah, never was a throne so graced.
The throne is my dear life, dear one,
My trust your scepter,—see
The richness of your royal robes—
'Twas love that aided me
In weaving them. That royal blue
From my fond love has taken hue.
Rule wisely, oh my Liege, my King!
To place you thus takes everything
I was, I am, I e'er shall be—
I've kept no smallest bit of me."

A LOVER'S FAITH

O my Beloved! I am king of thee,
And thou my queen; and I will wear the crown
A little moment for thy love's renown.
Yea, for a moment it shall circle me,
And then be thine, so thou, upon thy knee,
Do seek the same, with all thy tresses down.

For woman is still mistress of the man,
Though man be master. 'Tis the woman's right
To choose her king, and crown him in her sight
And make him feel the pressure of the span
Of her soft arms, as only woman can;
For with her weakness, she excels his might.

It is her joy indeed to be so frail
That he must shield her,—he of all the world
Whom most she loves; and then, if he be hurled
To depths of sorrow, she will more avail
Than half a senate. Troubles may assail.
But she will guide him by her lips imperaled.

Eric Mackay.

THE DREAM OF LOVE

Only one dream is sweet, dear,
Only one dream is true;
Who shall dream it with me, dear?
Who shall dream it with you?

Dream my heart is a nest, dear,—
Dream your heart is a dove:
Life is sweetest and best, dear,
Dreaming the dream of Love.

Minnie Gilmore.

A TRAGEDY

I

Among his books he sits all day
To think and read and write;
He does not smell the new-mown hay,
The roses red and white.

I walk among them all alone,—
His silly, stupid wife;
The world seems tasteless, dead and done—
An empty thing is life.

At night his window casts a square
Of light upon the lawn;
I sometimes walk and watch it there
Until the chill of dawn.

I have no brain to understand
The books he loves to read;
I only have a heart and hand
He does not seem to need.

He calls me "Child"—lays on my hair
Thin fingers, cold and mild;
O God of love, who answers prayer
I wish I were a child!

And no one sees and no one knows
(He least would know or see)
That ere love gathers next year's rose,
Death will have gathered me;

And on my grave will bindweed pink
And round-faced daisies grow;
He still will read and write and think,
And never, never know!

A TRAGEDY

II

It is lonely in my study here alone,
Now you are gone:
I loved to see your white gown 'mid the flowers,
While hours on hours
I studied—toiled to weave a crown of fame
About your name.

I liked to hear your sweet, low laughter ring;
To hear you sing
About the house while I sat reading here,
My child, my dear,
To know you glad with all the life-joys fair
I dared not share.

I thought there would be time enough to show
My love, you know,
When I could lay with laurels at your feet
Love's roses sweet;
I thought I could taste love when fame was won—
Now both are done!

Thank God, your child-heart knew not how to miss
The passionate kiss
Which I dared never give, lest love should rise
Mighty, unwise,
And bind me, with my life-work incomplete,
Beside your feet.

You never knew, you lived and were content;
My one chance went;
You died, my little one, and are at rest—
And I, unblest
Look at these broken fragments of my life,
My child, my wife.

Edith Nesbit Bland.

Another Indebtedness To The Library
Of The World's Best Literature.

LOVE'S LITANY

ON AWAKENING

I awaken to feel the power of Life and Love.

Strengthen me to grow to perfection in soul, mind and body, that I may be worthy of loving deeply and of being deeply loved.

Teach me subtle ways to charm and please my Mate, that his life with me may be complete.

Let me learn that the truest love is the love that gives and suffers for Love's sweet sake.

Grant that I may be ever happy in the consciousness of my Sweetheart's love and find my life's joy only in the wellspring of his heart.

Lift me day by day to nobler ends, making these attainments my gifts for Love's altar.

Make this, my life, an earthly paradise where my soul may dwell in the sunshine of my Beloved's approval.

LOVE'S LITANY

ON GOING TO REST

I go to rest with the knowledge that each
in the other is made sufficient.

Shut out from our consciousness the bur-
dens and cares of the day. Open our hearts
to a fuller understanding and a sweeter
solace of the night.

Let the cloak of pride slip from us that
we may see each in the other only the
beautiful and true.

Reveal to us the wonderful message con-
tained in all Nature, that we may live by
this divine law known only to those who
have felt the response of mated souls.

Infuse into us that unquestioning faith
that we may know neither separation of
heart nor division of life.

So attune our hearts that Love's melodies
may echo in our lives and throughout all
Eternity.

Florence McDonald Rodgers.

Copyright, 1906, Nina Isabel Jennings.

OUR TRUST

Sweetheart, we two have found the key
That fits the bolt; throws back the bar
Unto the place of mystery
Wherein the hidden treasures are.

We have it; we have looked behind
The sacred door, and oh! we know
The wondrous thing for which mankind
Has sought since life began to flow.

'Tis ours, dear, we know the strife;
The weary hunt, the pain it cost,
So careful we must be, for life
Is over if this key be lost.

Ruth Crosby Dimmick.

I LOVE YOU, DEAR

I love you just because I do,
The key I do not care to find,
For fear the strands would break in two
That me a willing captive bind.

The fact is all I want to know,
I will not grieve while that is given;
To lose my love would be my woe;
To keep it as it is, is heaven.

George W. Crofts.

Approve her way, but lead her to thine own—
For learn, fond youth, wouldst thou escape
disaster,
That woman likes a slave—but loves a master.

W. Young.

A woman is easily governed if a man takes
her hand.

Jean de la Bruyere.

WISHES

I wish, my sweet, thou wert a rose,
And I a golden bee, to sip
The honey dew that doth repose
In balmy kisses on thy lip.

I wish thine eyes were violets blue,
And I a wandering western breeze,
To press thee with my wings of dew
And melt them into ecstasies.

I wish thou wert a golden curl,
And I the myrtle wreath that bound it;
I wish thou wert a peerless pearl,
And I the casket to surround it.

I wish thou wert a lucid star,
And I the atmosphere about thee—
But as we must be as we are
Dearest, I cannot live without thee.

Henry Halloran.

NOTHING would make me more miserable than to
believe you miserable; nothing more happy than
to know you were so.

Abraham Lincoln.

HEART'S EASE

There is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you. . . .
Hearts-ease . . . of all earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

Walter Savage Landor.

How women love Love.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

IN THE GARDEN

As you've walked in the garden of heaven,
Have you heard from the spirit-flowers,
How your little girl's weary of wandering
Alone through the long lone hours?

Have you dreamed what solace they brought me,
These self-same flowers, as they came
Each bearing down deep in its chalice
The impress, Sweetheart, of your name?

While the violets were rearing lost castles
Of our own vanished romance anew,
I mingled my prayers with their incense,
Till their souls were wafted to you.

The white hyacinths chimed: "Remember,
'Twas that first sweet Valentine's Day"—
But their bells with my tears were muffled,
And they faded in silence away.

Then the lilies unfolding, whispered,
"The betrothal morning is here."
As I knelt at the Easter chancel,
Were you not for a moment near?

With the jasmines, carnations, and roses,
I communed the whole summer through,
Till the Spirit of Autumn enticed them
And they left me, they told me, for you.

To the shy forget-me-nots' keeping
I entrusted—but why tell you this?
Did you not waylay each courier,
Lest you miss your little girl's kiss?

O I envied my flowers their journey,
While I charged them a hundred times
Just what to convey to my sweetheart,
Should they blossom in heavenly climes.

And now they are dead, all my love-flowers,
Each gone on its errand true,
Yet I know they'll return in the Spring-time
With a message, Sweetheart, from you.

Kathrine M. Barton.

A FAREWELL

Where Death's imprisoned blossoms blow
God grant that you may never know
A withered rose, a fallen bird,
A garden where no songs are heard,—
Nor even that I miss you so—
Goodnight, dear heart!

Charlotte Becker.

A WORD

Summer has gone, but she comes again
Sweet summer never can die!
And youth, sweet youth, is immortal too,
And will bloom again as the roses do;
And love is eternal, and lights life through,
Though youth and the rose go by!

E. Nesbit.

O this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon this wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That Memory is possession.

Jean Ingelow.

GIFTS

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail:
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health
On sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read:
And his home is bright with a calm delight,
Though the room is poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,
As I, O my love, love thee;
And his heart is great with the pulse of Fate,
At home, on land, on sea.

James Thompson.

I am rich—I have you—you are riches untold!
Oh, the sun glints and shines in the tendrils of gold
That crown you, your eyes, they are glad, dear, and shine
With the wealth of affection and love into mine!
And I've health! I am muscled and sinewed and strong;
And I've joy—I have you—and the world flits along
Till we just have to dance to keep pace with its glee!
There are few who are sane, dear, as you are and me.

Judd Mortimer Lewis

HER EYES

"When the little stars are shining
In the azure skies,
They are like the lights reclining
In my darling's eyes;
They are jealous and are keeping
All the day from sight
But they venture when she's sleeping
To adorn the night."

THE OASIS

Across Life's desert I journeyed far;
No hand was lent to guide my steps aright
And Heaven held for me no beacon star
That I might be directed by its light.

And thus I wandered till I came at last
To where you waited, wise and womanly,
Like an oasis in the desert cast
By God to make a better man of me.

Reynale Smith Pickering.

THERE is no woman who does not hold within her little hands some man's achievement, some man's future and his belief in woman and God. Upon his heart she may write ecstasy or black despair. It is for her to say whether his face shall be world scarred or weary, hiding tragedy behind its piteous lines; whether there shall be light or darkness in his soul. He cannot escape those compelling fingers; she is the arbiter of his destiny—for like clay in the potter's hands, she molds him as she will.

Myrtle Reed.

G. P. Putnam's Sons Are Publishers
Of This Bit Of Appreciation.

Her face
Is the summ'd sweetness of the earth,
Her soul the glass of heaven's grace,
To which she leads me by the hand;
Or, briefly all the truth to say
.
.
.
She is both heaven and the way.

Coventry Patmore.

As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em.

Dryden.

LONELINESS

"Weariness and heartache and longing that is lonely,
A sobbing in the little winds that blow around the door;
Eyes mist and dropping tears and all my life is only
A sighing in a darkened house, a shadow on the floor.

Emptiness and unrest and waiting that is weary,
A crying in the little leaves that crisp upon the plain;
Hope's dust and love's despair, and—oh, my vanished dearie!
My heart is on the night wind, my soul is in the rain."

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up life's bliss;
If with a firm unchanging faith,
And holy trust on high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
The wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell,
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept,—
These things shall never die.

Charles Dickens.

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee,
Through change that teaches to forget;
Thy face looks from every sea,
In every star thine eyes are set.

I think of thee—I think of thee
O, dearest hast thou thought of me?

N. P. Willis.

ANGELICA

"Fair is my love, so fair
I shudder with the sense
Of what a light the world would lose
Should she go hence.

Sweet is my love, so sweet
The leaves that fold on fold
Swathe up the odor of the rose
Less sweetness hold.

True is my love, so true:
Her heart is mine alone,
The music of its rhythmic beat
Throbs through my own.

Spare her, immortal, spare,
Till all our days are done,
Your Heaven is full of angel forms,
Mine holds but one."

With her came
Infinite love, content, divine repose.
Life rose above its height, and we beheld
Beauty in all things, everywhere delight.
The Sun that dwelt in our own hearts shed forth
Its beams upon the world and brightened it;
And from that brightness, as the ground takes back
The dews it gently lends, we gathered light
That led us thro' the dim sweet paths of life,
Until our hearts bloomed forth in happiness.

Bryan Walter Procter.

Her overpowering presence made you feel,
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Lord Byron.

A LITTLE WAY

A little way to walk with you, my own—
Only a little way,
When one of us must weep and walk alone
Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,
With thy heart far from mine,
'Twould be for joy that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine.

Frank L. Stanton.

A LITTLE WORD

Oh, frame some little word for me
None else shall ever hear or see,—
Something my soul can call her own,
When suddenly she feels alone;
Something that she can take away
When God shall draw the veil of clay;
Something that thou wilt know her by
Among the billions of the sky;
Something no other soul will fit
Save her for whom thou makest it.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Anear or apart,
'Neath Rose or Rue
Flower-O'-My-Heart,
I dream of you!

Samuel Minturn Peck.

The "Little Word" Came Through The Thought-
fulness Of Mr. Peck And Harper & Brothers.

LITTLE GIRL

Sweet are the flowers that blow, little girl,
In the wood and garden and field;
I have gathered them all, and I know, little girl,
Of the beauty and sweetness they yield.
But all of their fairness and fragrance combined,
From the rose to the violet blue,
Cannot equal the charm that I find, little girl,
In the bonnie sweet features of you.

The South wind sweeps over the hill, little girl,
Through the red clover blossoms it roves;
The honey-bee's drinking it's fill, little girl,
And is drunk with the nectar it loves.
The clover yields saccharine food for the bee,
But the warm, loving touch of your lips
Is a hundred fold sweeter to me, little girl,
Than the nectar the honey bee sips.

They've reckoned the breadth of the land, little girl,
And they know when the worlds were begun;
The mountains and plains they have spanned, little girl,
They have measured the heart of the sun.
They have reckoned the ocean's depth and length,
And counted the stars in the blue,
But no power can measure the strength, little girl,
Of the love in my heart for you!

Howard Dwight Smiley.

A Contribution From The
Frank A. Munsey Company.

WE look at the one little woman's face we love, as
we look at the face of mother earth, and see all
sorts of answers to our own yearnings.

George Eliott.

THE SCENT OF A GOOD CIGAR

What is it comes through the deepening dusk,—
Something sweeter than jasmine scent,
Sweeter than rose and violet blent,
More potent in power than orange or musk?
The scent of a good cigar.

I am all alone in my quiet room,
And the windows are open wide and free
To let in the south wind's kiss for me,
While I rock in the softly gathering gloom,
And that subtle fragrance steals,

Just as a loving, tender hand
Will sometimes steal in yours,
It softly comes through the open doors,
And memory wakes at its command,—
The scent of a good cigar.

And what does it say? Ah! that's for me
And my heart alone to know;
But that heart thrills with a sudden glow,
Tears fill my eyes till I cannot see,—
From the scent of that good cigar.

Kate A. Carrington.

Wafted From "PIPE AND POUCH"
L. C. Page & Company, Publishers.

AND if he should come again
In the old glad way,
I should smile and take his hand,
What were there to say?
I should close my eyes and smile,
And my soul would be
Like the peace of summer noons
Beside the sea.

R. Hovey.

AFTERWARDS

I said, "The bitterness of grief is gone,
Henceforward I will think of her
As one too glad for selfish tears to stir—
A saint who touched and blessed me and passed on—
My angel evermore to bless and take
My broken prayer to God for love's dear sake."

"The bitterness of grief is passed," I said
Then turned and saw about me everywhere
The dear, accustomed things her touch made fair;
Her books—the little pillow for her head,
The pen her hand had dropped, the simple song
She laughed in singing when a note went wrong.

I said, "The bitterness of grief is fled."
Knowing a new saint walks in Paradise
With peaceful heart and quiet in her eyes.
"And this at last shall comfort me," I said
But oh, this song she sang, this book she knew,
This little pillow—must I brave them too?

Theodosia Garrison.

Harper & Brothers Gave Us This
Strain Of Minor Melody.

N O MAN knows what the wife of his bosom is—
no man knows what a ministering angel she is
—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials
of this world.

Washington Irving.

"Now you are gone—and hour by hour
I muse of things I long to share—
There's not a bud, a leaf, a flower
But helps me miss you everywhere!"

FORBIDDEN

One dawn in early summer,
When dew was everywhere,
The breath of fragrant roses
Afloat upon the air,
I wandered lone and longing,
In half uncertain quest,
My heart that knew no sorrow,
Was full of vague unrest.

When lo! before me, Cupid—
His eyes one sweet appeal,
With winged feet like Hermes,
And on his lips a seal.
One moment blissful, happy—
The shining god had come!
Then fled my soul in anguish
From Love not blind, but dumb.

Mary F. Canfield.

“I—I love you well enough
To leave you, Love, if needs must be.”

The wildest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

SHE knew, oh she knew so well that she could
have helped him best. Many a noble woman
has known it as she stood by.

J. M. Barrie.

YOUR HEART

Your heart is a music box, dearest!
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break;
Then, oh! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake.
And there's one little tune it can play,
That I fancy all others above,—
You learned it of Cupid one day,—
It begins with and ends with "I love!" "I love!"
My heart echoes to it "I love."

Frances Sargent Osgood.

The sweetest harmony is the sound of the voice
of her whom we love.

Bruyere.

A PHILOSOPHER, being asked what was the first
thing necessary to win the love of a woman,
answered, "Opportunity."

Moore.

ALL FOR YOU

The love in my heart, I know not why
Nor how it came to be,
But the bliss that is mine no gold can buy,
Since love has come to me.
O love, love, love! there's nothing so sweet,
Go search the wide world through;
My heart is so full of it, every beat
Cries out it is all for you.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Let no man shut the door if Love should come to call.

Rodrigo Cota.

IF ONLY YOU WERE HERE

If only you were here to-night;
If I might lift my longing eyes to trace
Your dreamy eyes down-looking on my face
With their half-veiled, half-smiling tenderness,
O first and best and dearest, can you guess
How in my lonely heart your altar flame
Would leap to sudden glorious fire and shame
All these sad, darkened hours of fear and blame
If only you were here?

If only you were here to-night,
Here, close beside me, while the soft rain falls
And through the darkness the sweet church-bell calls,
And all the quiet world takes on repose,—
O warmest heart! if you were here so close
That I might lean down on your breast,
What could I ask of sweeter calm or rest?
Who in God's happy world could be more blest
If only you were here?

If only you were here to-night,
O Love, My Love, My Love, so far from me!
Through all dividing space, where'er you be,
My winged thoughts fly fast, and far, and free,
Seeking, like birds, to find their sheltering nest,
O gentle heart, make such a welcome guest!
Across the lonely world, I know not where,
I send the longing silence of this prayer:
If only you were here.

Hester A. Benedict.

SILENCE and separation, and the ache—
Restless and dumb—of the desire to see
One face alone of all humanity!
O Absence, how we suffer for your sake!

Elsa Barker.

HOW I LOVE YOU

Dear, I'll tell you how I love you—
Not by singing sweetly of you—
Oh, I love you far too much,
For the daintiest rhyme's light touch;

No, it needs no language signs,
It's written here between the lines,
How I love you! You will see
If you look there, loving me.

C. B. Newton.

CONSTANCY

By the garlanded gate of the garden I wait,
Where the reddest of roses run riot,
While the brown thrush a madrigal sings to his mate
And quivers his tones in the quiet.
In the languorous musk of the lavender dusk
I pray for your promised returning;
Through the marvelous mist of the dawn's amethyst
The watch-fires of love still are burning.
While softest of skies with the depth of your eyes
Their blessings of blue bend above you,
With all of its beats my fond heart repeats:
" love you—I love you—I love you."

Walter Hurt.

GOD'S GARDEN

If all God's world a garden were,
And all the women flowers
And men were bees who busied there
Through endless summer hours—
Oh, I'd hum God's garden through
For honey, till I came to you!

Joaquin Miller.

THE SPIRIT OF YOU

(McSweal, of the Battery, private; with a wound that he couldn't survive.

"Press hard on the blood-flow, doctor; we'll try to keep him alive,")

McSweal, of the battery, speaking—to a locket set turquoise blue—

"No chaplain to see me departing? Well, I'll pray to the Spirit of You."

"I've groped as a child in the darkness, when it feels for its mother's breast,

I've cried for a nameless something, and sought for a lighter rest;

I've listened in blackest silence in hope for a voice I knew,

And I turn from a hopeless praying to pray to the Spirit of You."

" 'Tis an old, old helpless longing that quickens the stagnant veins;

'Tis a world-old crying for something that rouses the hidden pains;

'Tis a hopeless search for surcease—I've called on the Gods that are true,

And now I recall my religion—but turn to the Spirit of You."

"There's a violet scent on my nostrils; there's a violet breath on my cheek,

I'm seeking no thin-worded parting—well knowing you never would speak,

Now the moments that waited run swiftly—aye, time was the friend I knew;

And he's brought me at last to my altar—to pray to the Spirit of You."

"I've cursed in my moments of passion; besought with a heart contrite,

But never an answer to praying—though I'm having it answered tonight,

'Tis an old, old, cold, old longing—'tis a dream that never came true,—
But the blessings of Faith come to me as I pray to the Spirit of You."

We laid him out there as he wanted—McSweal, of the Battery, dead;

With a blanket of perfumed blossoms, and the guidon under his head:

With the locket still clasped in his fingers—we gave him a volley or two
And left him out there as he wanted—to talk to the Spirit of You.

Alfred Damon Runyon.

A Gem Loaned By The
J. B. Lippincott Company.

SWEETHEART

There is a little bird that sings:
"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"
I know not what his name may be,
I only know he pleases me,
As loud he sings—and thus sings he—
"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

I've heard him sing on soft spring days
"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"
And when the sky was dark above,
And wintry winds had stripped the grove,
He still poured forth his words of love—
"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

And like that bird my heart, too, sings,
"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"
When heav'n is dark or bright and blue,
When trees are bare or leaves are new,
It thus sings on—and sings of you—
"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

What need of other words than these:
"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"
If I could sing the whole year long,
My love would not be shown more strong,
Than by this short and simple song—
"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

Augustus Greville.

Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

Tennyson.

ONE joy alone makes life a part of heaven—
The joy of happy love received and given.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

COME TO ME, DEAREST

Come to me, Dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time, I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time, in dreams I behold thee;
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten;
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Joseph Brennan.

BETROTHED

Can you not hear it calling, love of mine—
Can you not hear the calling of my heart?
So loud it sings your name, with fear I start
Lest all the world should hear and know the sign;
Lest all the world should hear, and, looking close,
Should see upon my lips that kiss of grace,
Long pressed last night of all, when your dear face,
Bent low to mine where white the bride rose blows.
The bright, slow-rolling day kept us apart,
Though yearning sore; now robins in the tree
Announce the dusk that brings you back to me—
Can you not hear the calling of my heart?

Margaret Ashmun.

She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Shakespeare.

Woman is the sweetest present that God has given
to man.

Bernard Cuyard.

A PRAYER

God keep you safe, my little Love,
All through the night;
Rest close in His encircling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel, to pray;
Good-night; God keep you in his care alway.

Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts
About my head;
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the window bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away
Feel safe and strong
To trust you thus, dear Love—and yet—
The night is long;
I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer,
Good-night! Sweet dreams! God keep you
everywhere.

Mary Higman.

A DREAM

I thought this heart consuming lay
On Cupid's burning shrine;
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And placed it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one.

Thomas Moore.

WITH YOU

Beloved, my whole soul bloomed for you
As flowers unclosed to gather dew;
Your heart-touch to my spirit-palm
Brought purer pulse and holier calm;
You lifted me to heights divine;
You steeped life's lips in sacred wine;
You took Love's lens, and looking through,
Drew all my heart and soul to you.

Some day, while walking hand in hand
Through life's love-lighted, lustrous land,
We each of us (come soon or late)
Will stand before time's sunset gate.
The evening light upon the wave
Will shine—the glow worm on the grave—
The bright boat booked for unseen shores
Will have strange angels at the oars,
And straight into the dying west
Our souls must sail at God's behest.

L'ENVOI

Oh! star of stars, oh! light of light,
God grant this crowning dear delight,
That fearless through His boundless blue
My smiling soul may sail—with you!

Margaret Hunt Brisbane.

Graciously Given By
The "Cosmopolitan."

AN AFTER THOUGHT

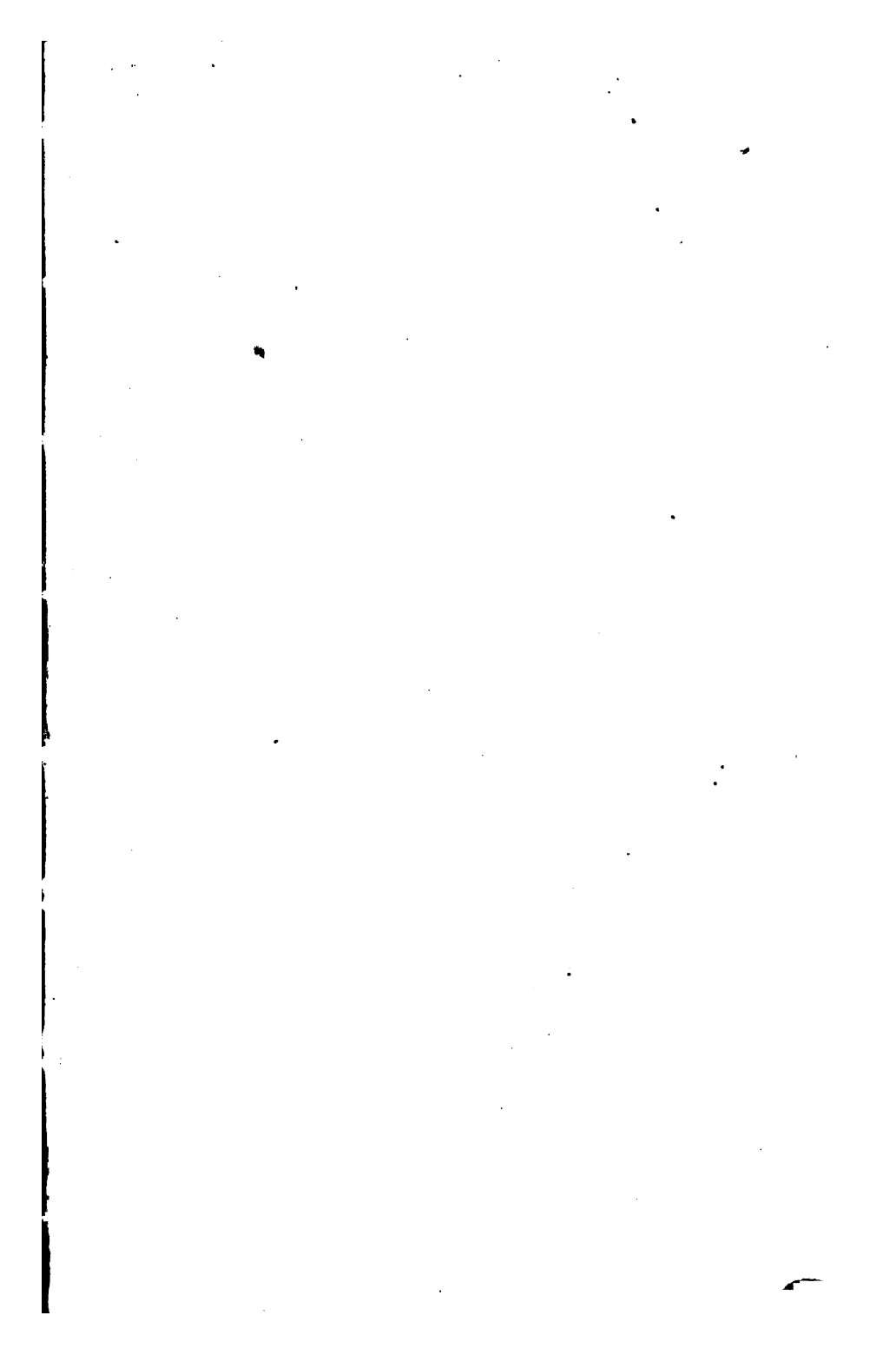
When the last day is ended,
And the nights are through;
When the last sun is buried
In its grave of blue;

When the stars are snuff'd like candles,
And the seas no longer fret;
When the winds unlearn their cunning,
And the storms forget;

When the last lip is palsied,
And the last prayer said;
LOVE shall reign immortal
While the worlds lie dead!

Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

Dana Estes & Company Said I Might
Send This Message Of Infinite Faith To
Man And His Mate.

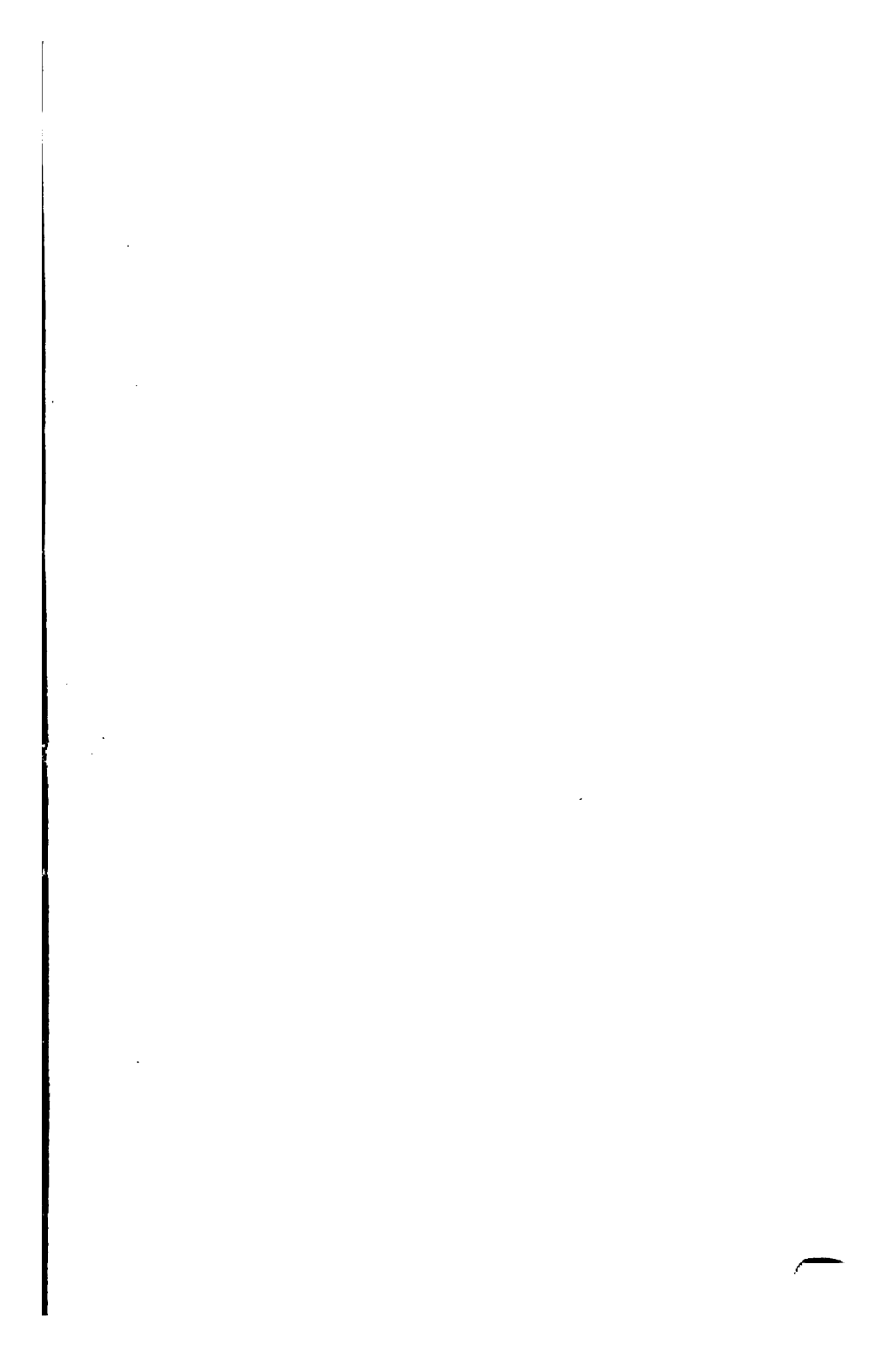




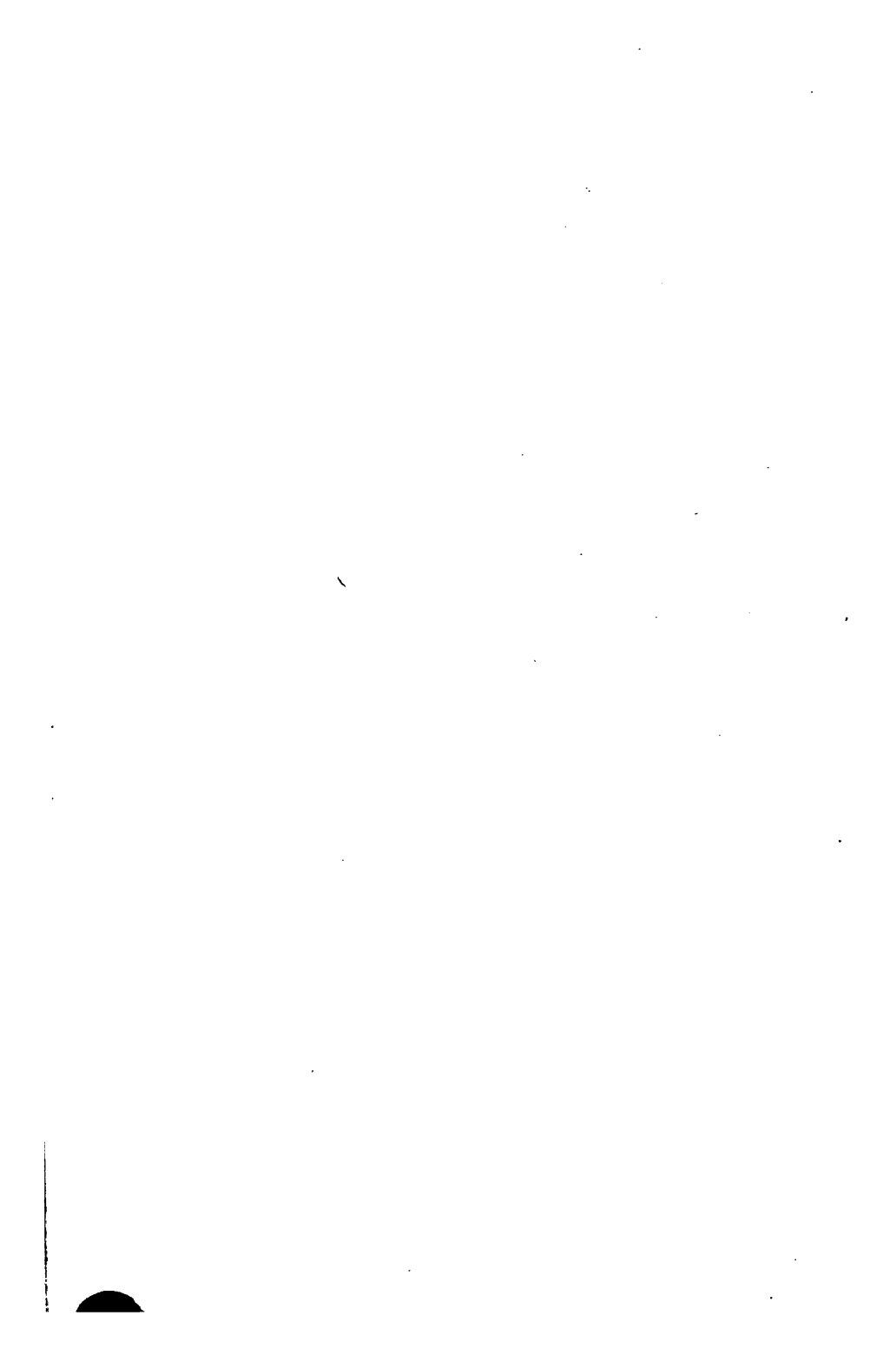
Love's a bunch of swaying daisies
Bound around with ribbons blue,
Love's a peephole into heaven
With you tip-toe looking through,
Love's a jar of milk and honey
In a fair, enchanted clime,
You can drink from it forever
And be thirsty all the time.

JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

1915







JAN 8 - 1940



